

\$1.25
1994E
#3

QUACK!

DUCKS?!

WHO CARES?

HELP!

**THE
BEAVERS**
BY DAVE SIM

SIM
&
LEIPOLD



22 March 1977
Hayward, CA

Welcome again.

Please note that after late June of 1977 that we'll be moving Star*Reach Productions down to the San Diego area. You'll be informed of an exact address in the first set of new releases after the move. Hopefully our regular production schedule won't be interrupted.

We've been able to put this issue together a bit faster, just three months after the last one. I hope we can continue at this pace.

This is an active month. Along with this issue, STAR*REACH No. 8 and PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP No. 3 are being released. I'd like to make a particular plug for PUDGE, my personal favorite comic book. One presumes that you're reading this issue because you're out for chuckles and thrills. If so, then you're definitely gonna enjoy PUDGE. Artist/writer Lee Marrs has developed a character universally loved (look, I'm male and skinny as a guitar neck and I identify with her) and presents it in an art style that's all its own. There's nobody in the world who draws like Lee and I'm particularly proud to be publishing this, her great contribution to American folk art.

(See, Stan, see, Janetta, I can lay on the hype as well as anyone!)

When I started writing these editorials three years back I promised myself I wouldn't be so stupid as to publish advance information unless I was sure the news would be correct later on. Well, I've done it. There's no duck story from Frank Brunner this issue, as I promised last time, nor is there likely to be one for the near future. Frank's been waylaid by a maursding Cimmerian barbarian for the nonce and it's more than reckless to guess when advanced silliness will strike him again and he presents his "ultimate duck story".

However, you must've noticed by now that we've got a whole flock of ducks for you this issue anyway, though not quite the way you've ever seen them before. It started first with Mike Gilbert's idea for a "Duck Death" story, then coincidentally Ted Richards came up with this mad doctor duck (a "quack", naturally) and when Dave Sim submitted his "Beavers" strip, I knew there was a trend here. So quickly I commissioned a cover from Dave and — er — smoothed the feathers of Steve Leialoha (who's originally been cajoled into doing another Rabbit Wonder story for the cover) by allowing him to ink and color the cover, as well as do the back cover.

Scott Shaw and Ken Macklin contribute stories which have nothing to do with ducks, which may be all to the good, considering the treatment they're getting elsewhere in this issue.

Another promise I made myself, broken too many times already, is to keep the deadline pressure away. Well, it's 2 a.m. and this is due at the typesetter's at noon and I need some sleep. See you in three months.



QUACK No. 3 is published by Star*Reach Productions, P.O. Box 385, Hayward, CA 94543; Mike Friedrich, editor and publisher. ©1977 Star*Reach Productions. World Rights Reserved. Front cover art and the story "The Beavers" ©1977 Dave Sim. Back cover art and the story "The Rabbit Wonder Meets The Barbarian Bunny" ©1977 Steve Leialoha. "E.Z. Wolf: The Case of the Missing Quack" ©1977 Ted Richards. "The Wraith: Duck Death" ©1977 Michael Gilbert. "The Deserter" ©1977 Ken Macklin. "You-All Gibbon: On the Trail of Pigfoot" ©1977 Scott Shaw. Address all inquiries c/o Star*Reach Productions.

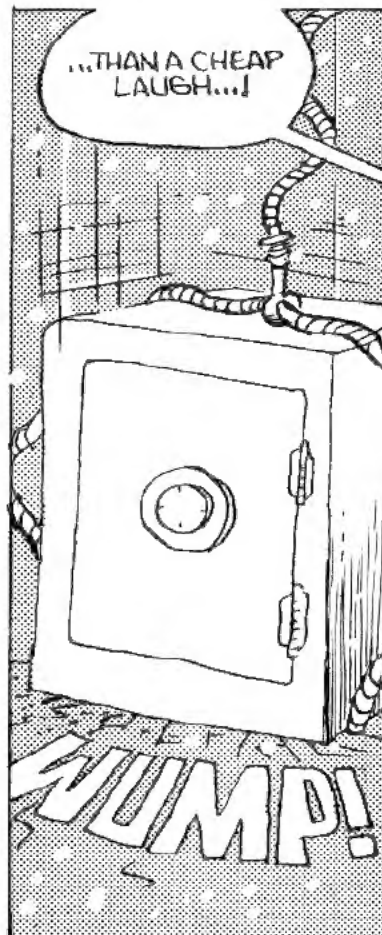
Contributions are not encouraged, though eventually read; warning: no return postage and it'll be trashed. FIRST PRINTING: April, 1977.

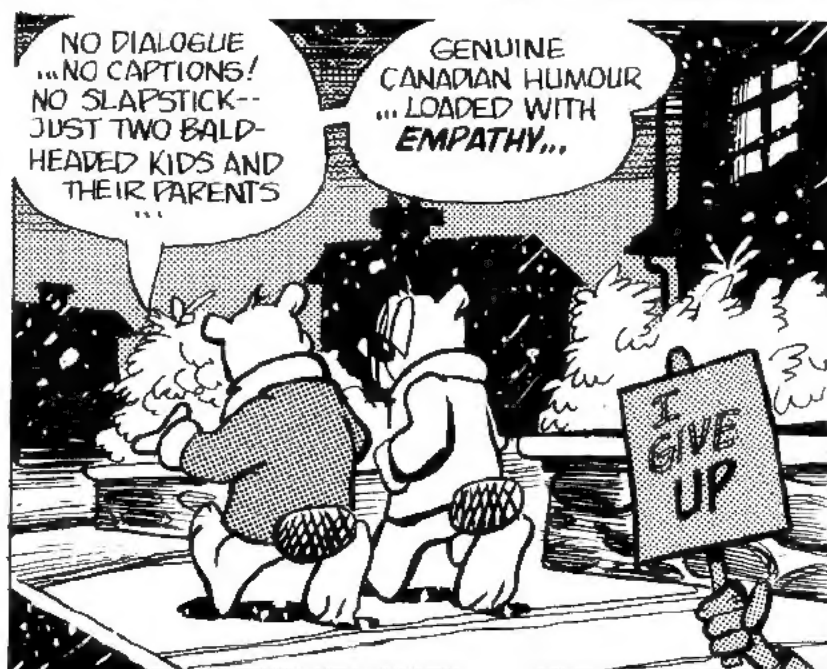
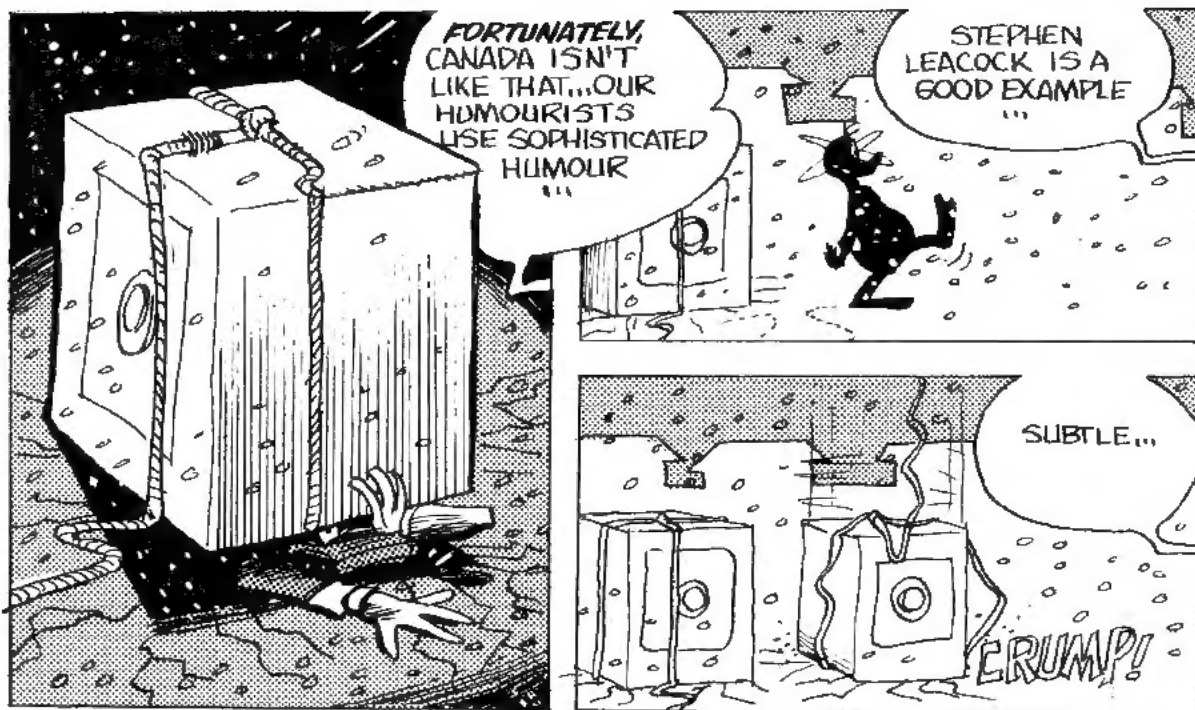
ADDITIONAL COPIES: \$1.25 plus 35¢ postage (Mailed 1st Class) and handling. No subscriptions, sorry.

RETAILERS: a list of wholesalers is available. WHOLESALERS: please inquire about our rates.

ANY SIMILARITY TO REAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD (or real animals), EXCEPT FOR THE PURPOSES OF SATIRE, IS COINCIDENTAL.







IT IS IMPORTANT
THAT AS CANADIAN
COMIC CHARACTERS
WE ARE PART OF A
HISTORY OF PANEL
ART SOPHISTICATION
AND EXCELLENCE.

IT IS A GREAT
HONOUR AND A
RESPONSIBILITY

YESSIR...

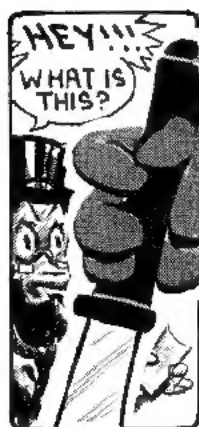
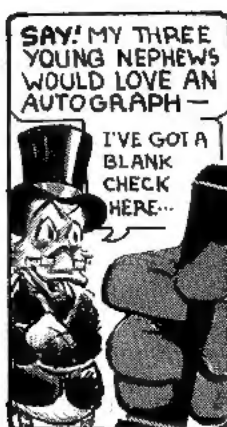
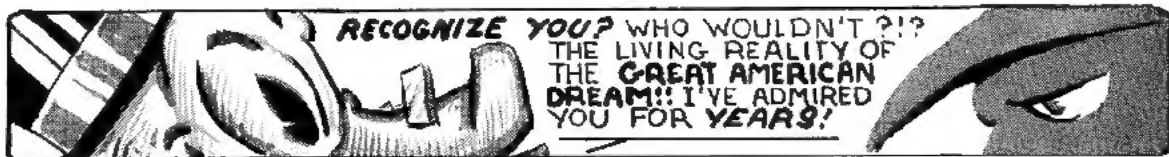
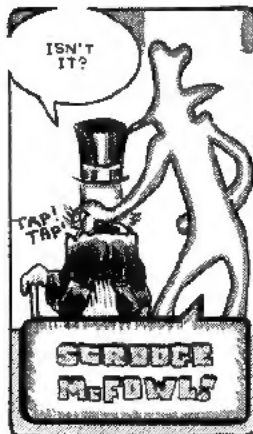
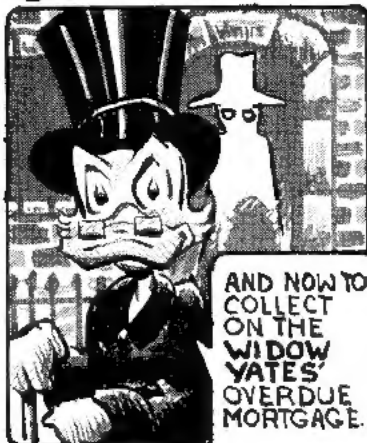
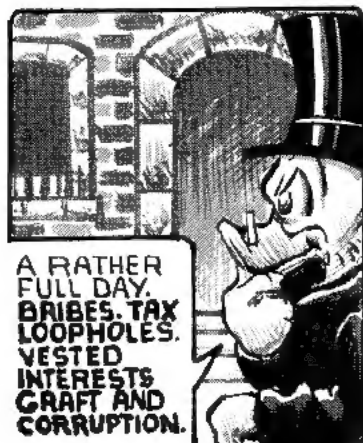
AND WITH
ENOUGH TASTE
AND JUDGEMENT

WE CAN
MAINTAIN
THAT TRADITION
FOR MANY YEARS
TO COME!

SIM
117

FIN

INTRO-DUCK-TION



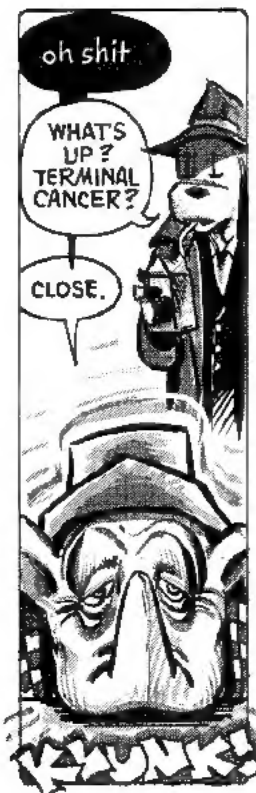
D U C K

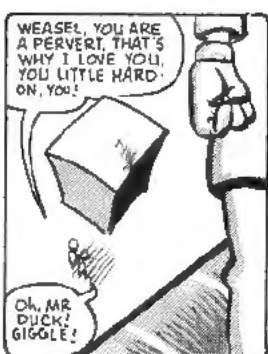
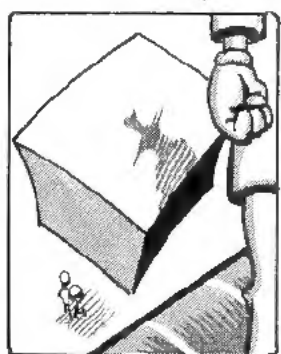
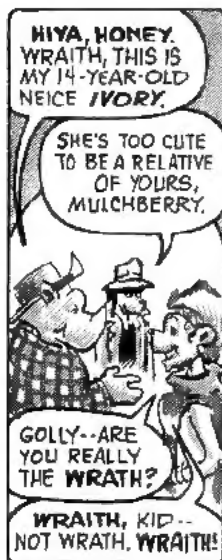


**THE
WRAITH**

© 1977 MICHAEL T. GILBERT 21

D E A T H





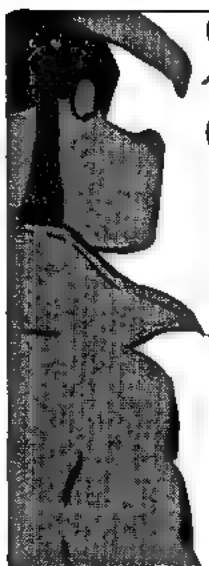


EXCUSE ME, I'M
HERE TO SEE
STAN FLEA ABOUT

YOU A BILL
COLLECTOR? NO.



DOOR'S OPEN,
CHARLIE.



MR FLEA? I'M...

THE WRATH RIGHT?

WRAITH,
NOT WRATH

EXCELSIOR! CALL ME
STAN. CALL ME GREAT

CALL ME ANY-
THING, ONLY
DON'T CALL
ME LATE TO
SUPPER, OK?



MR
BIG

AK WHAT'S
IN A NAME,
eh, WRATH?

WRAITH.
HMM

WELCOME TO THE AWFUL AD
AGENCY, EFFENDI. LET ME SHOW
YOU AROUND THE PLACE. SAY,
YOU WOULDN'T BE INTERESTED
IN SQUID FLAVORED DOUCHE,
WOULD YOU? GREAT STUFF!

WELL DIS
MJS' BE
DE PLACE...

DID YOU
HEAR A
'SPLAT'
BACK THERE,
WRAITH?

NAH. YOUR
IMAGINATION'S
WORKING
OVERTIME,
KID.

ONE OF
OUR NEW
ACCOUNTS



HEY,
THERE'S
JAZZY
JONNY,
OUR ART
DIRECTOR.

JOHN-BABY, THE DELICIOUS DOUCHE ACCOUNT
WANTS A 40-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET
FOR THEIR NEW SQUID-FLAVORED DOUCHE.
THEY WANT QUALITY. THEY WANT INTENSITY.
THEY WANT IT BY 4:00.

CREATIVE
GROUP



YOU WANT ME
TO DO 40 PAGES
OF DETAILED
ART, SINGLE-
HANDEDLY,
BY 4:00?

I'LL START ON
IT RIGHT AFTER
LUNCH, STAN.

REMEMBER,
DON'T DO IT
RIGHT, DO IT
TUESDAY.



NICE
BOOBS,
KID

HEY!

INK

Ahem...
AS I WAS
SAYING



AND NOW DOWN TO
BUSINESS, FRANTIC ONE.
WITH ALL THESE DUCK
KILLINGS GOING ON, I'M
WORRIED ABOUT PROTECTING
OUR STAR MODEL -- WE'VE
GOT A MULTI-MILLION-
DOLLAR CAMPAIGN
BASED ON H.M.

WHO IS THIS
WUNDERKIND?

HARVARD THE DUCK
OF COURSE... AND...

SAY! I'VE BEEN
LOOKING FOR A
FRESH FACE TO
STAR IN A NEW
DOUCHE CAMPAIGN
BASED ON A SUPER-
HERO MOTIF (A
THROWBACK FROM
A PREVIOUS JOB).

SQUID
DOUCHE?

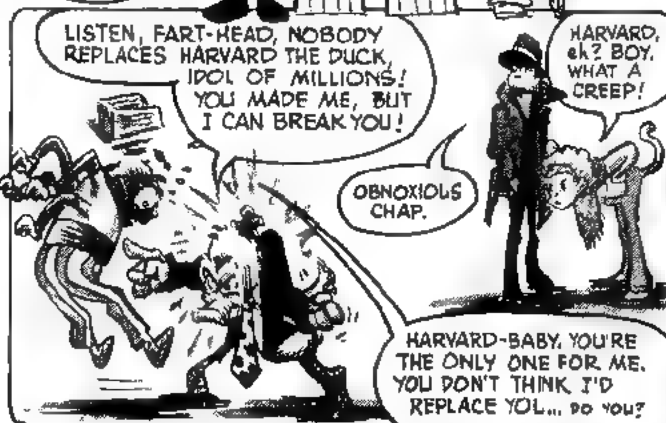
IKK

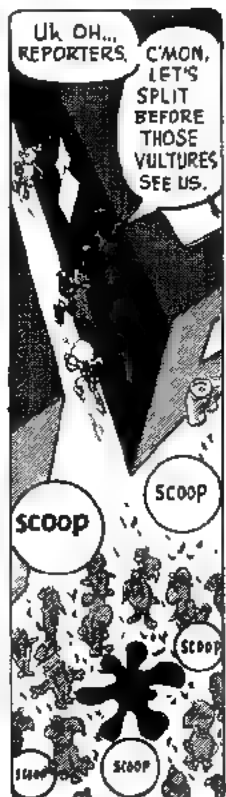


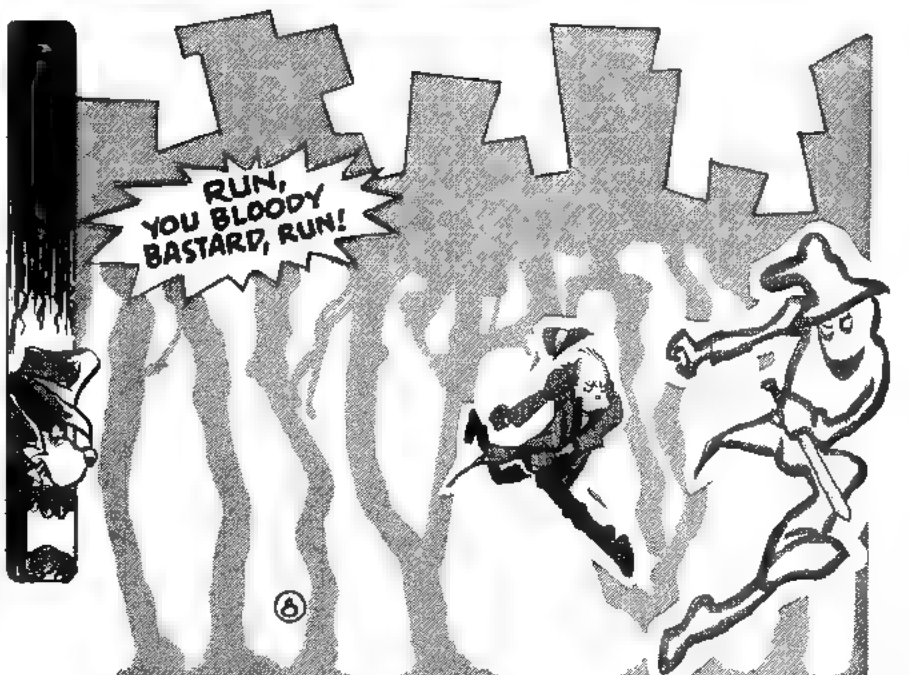
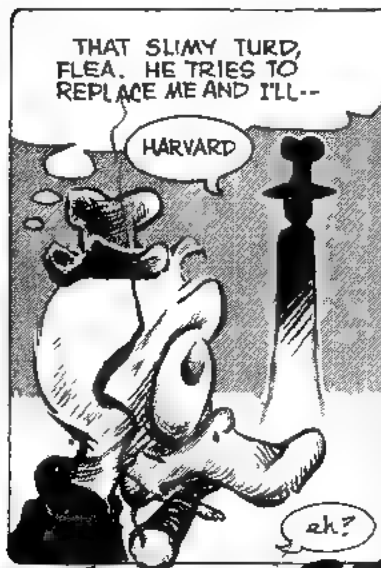
SOMETHING LIKE...
"DELICIOUS-- THE
SUPER-DOUCHE!"

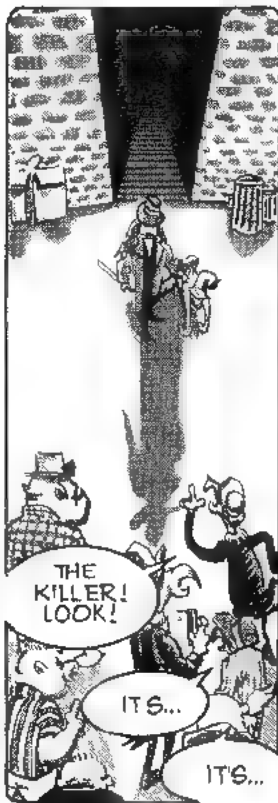
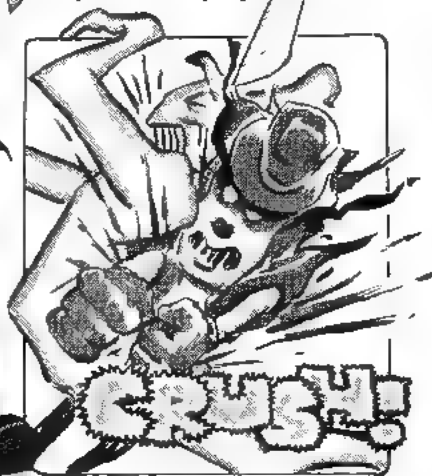


AND
GUESS
WHO
THAT
NEW
FACE
IS...?







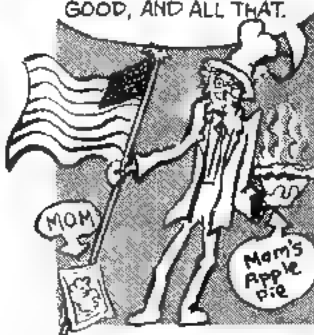




I AM THE HORATIO
ALGER OF THE
POULTRY WORLD



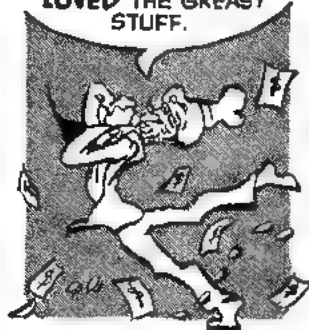
MINE IS THE STORY
OF THE GREAT
AMERICAN DREAM...
POOR BOY MAKES
GOOD, AND ALL THAT.



I STARTED SELLING
SOUTHERN FRIED
COCKROACHES IN THE
BACK OF MY TRUCK.



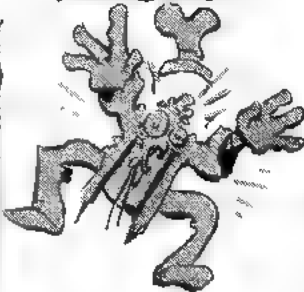
SOON IT BRANCHED
OUT INTO A MULTI-
BILLION DOLLAR
ENTERPRISE. PEOPLE
LOVED THE GREASY
STUFF.



THE NAME OF CHICKEN...
COLONEL CHICKEN...
BECAME SYNONYMOUS
WITH FOOD, FAME
AND GROSS PROFITS!



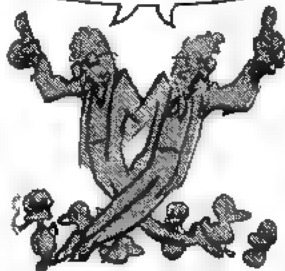
DUCKS!



DUCKS ON THE TV,
DUCKS IN THE COMICS,
MOVIES & RADIO!
DISCO - DUCKS...
DONALD - DUCKS...
RUBBER DUCKS...



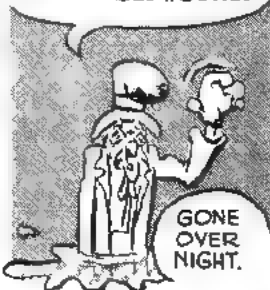
DUCKS TO THE RIGHT,
DUCKS TO THE LEFT,
EVERYONE WAS
DUCK-CONSCIOUS,
INFERNAL CREATURES!



WITHIN MONTHS,
NO ONE WAS
TALKING CHICKEN...
THINKING CHICKEN...
BUYING CHICKEN!



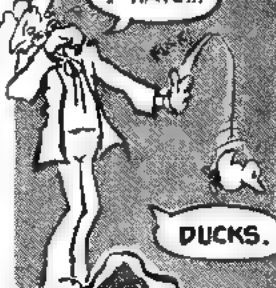
THE NAME OF
COL. CHICKEN FADED
FROM THE SCENE.
MULTI BILLION
FRIED COCKROACH
FRANCHISES "GONE."



BECAUSE OF DUCKS!
PENILESS, SENILE,
EMBITTERED, IS IT ANY
WONDER THAT I SOUGHT
REVENGE ON THOSE
FOWL CREATURES?



AND THAT, MY
FRIENDS...
IS WHY...
I HATE...





E.Z. WOLF AS WOLFJACK

IN THE CASE OF THE MISSING QUACK

WRITTEN BY TED RICHARDS



THE DAY BEGAN INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. IT WAS RAINING, AND SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE A DOG WAS BARKING.



BY TED RICHARDS AND LARRY GONICK WITH A HELPING J MICHAEL HAND FROM: LEONARD

IHADN'T SEEN A CASE IN WHAT SEEMED LIKE SIX MONTHS. NOT THAT THIS WAS UNUSUAL FOR A PART-TIME DETECTIVE HERE IN **TERMINUS**, WHICH IS JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN IN THE DEEP SOUTH. BUT WHEN SOMETHIN' DOES HAPPEN, IT'S REALLY **STRANGE** AND **WEIRD...**



SUDDENLY THE DOG'S BARKING TURNED TO A VICIOUS **HOWL**. THEN SILENCE I DECIDED TO CHECK IT OUT.



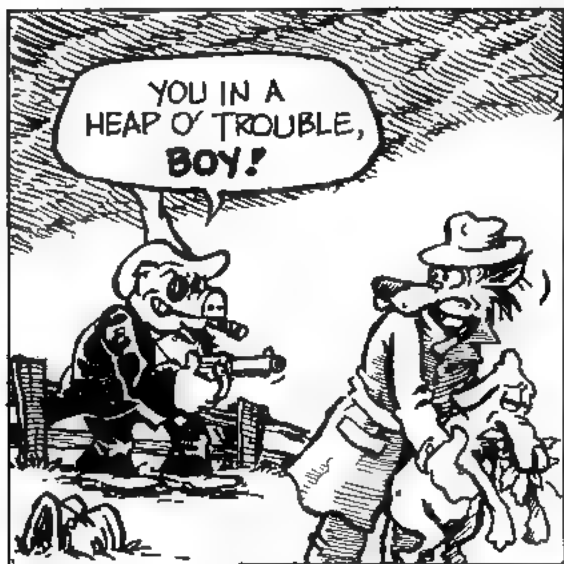
I FIGURED THE DOG'S BARK BELONGED TO **OL' HUNCHER**, BRER BILL GOAT'S COON HOUND. SO I HEADED ON UP TO HIS SHACK.



I FOUND OL' HUNCHER OUT COLD, AND **DUCK FEATHERS** STREWN ABOUT THE YARD.



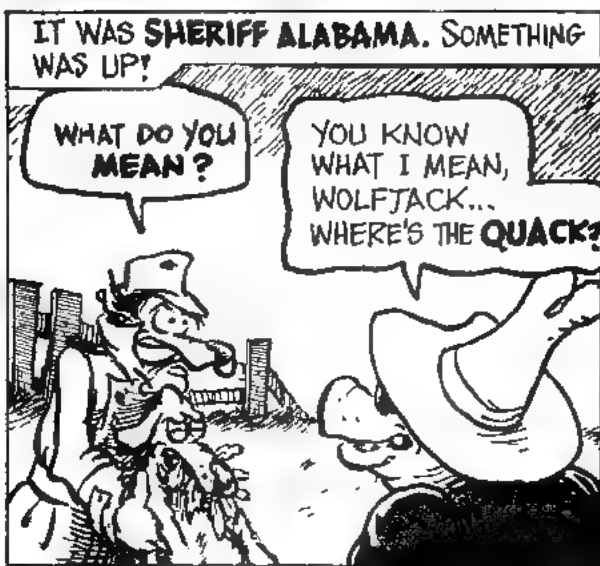
YOU IN A HEAP O' TROUBLE, **BOY!**



IT WAS **SHERIFF ALABAMA**. SOMETHING WAS UP!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, WOLFJACK... WHERE'S THE **QUACK?**



THE **QUACK?** WHY I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT, SHERIFF...

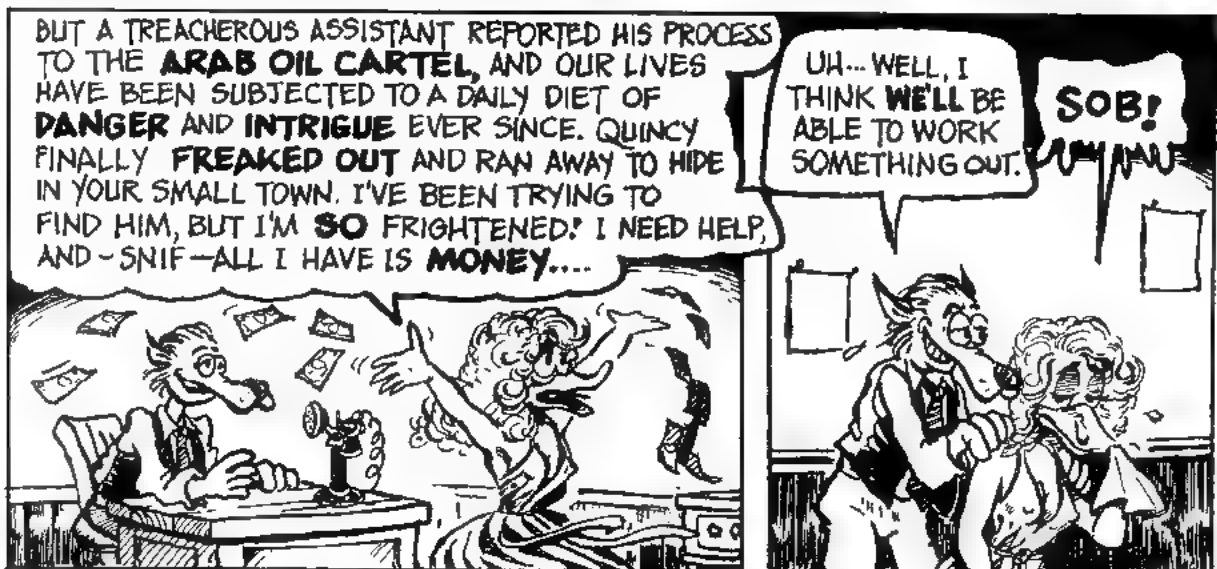
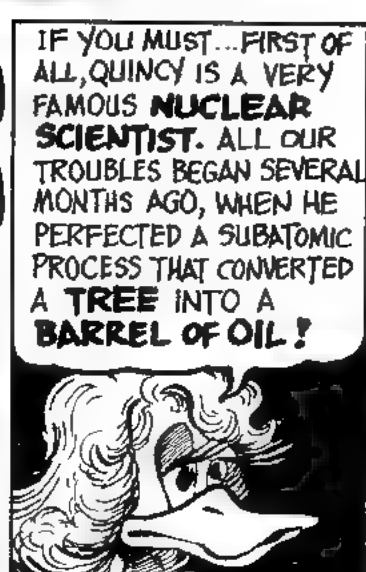
DON'T GET WISE WITH ME, **BOY!** ... YOU'RE STANDIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF **DUCK FEATHERS** HOLDING A **DOG** WITH A FEW OF 'EM ON HIS MOUTH!



C'MON, SHERIFF... WHAT ARE YOU **CHARGIN'** ME WITH?... MAKIN' **ILLEGAL PILLOWS** OR SOMETHIN'? YOU'RE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE AN' YOU KNOW IT!

WELL...A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK, BUT IF YOU HAPPEN TO SEE A CRAZY LITTLE **DUCK** AROUND HERE, YOU LET ME KNOW...IT'S **IMPORTANT...**





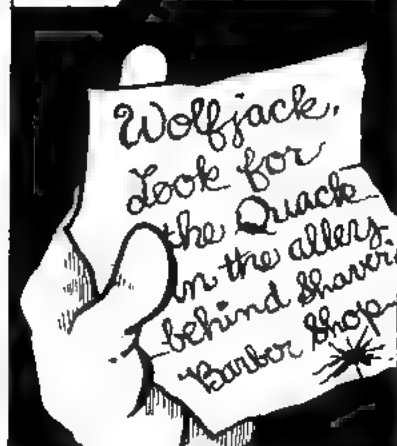
I WAS UP AND OUT EARLY TH' NEXT DAY, SO I STOPPED BY THE **PICK N' CHEW** FOR MY USUAL BREAKFAST OF A **MOONPIE** AND AN **R.C. COLA**.



WHEN I BIT INTO THE **MOONPIE**, A PIECE OF PAPER STUCK BETWEEN MY TEETH.



I PICKED IT OUT AND SAW IT HAD A MESSAGE WRITTEN ON IT.



I HUSTLED OVER TO THE ALLEY AND STUMBLED UPON ONE OF THE **GRISLIEST** SIGHTS I'D SEEN SINCE NED CRANE MURDERED HIS WIFE WITH A LAWNMOWER.*



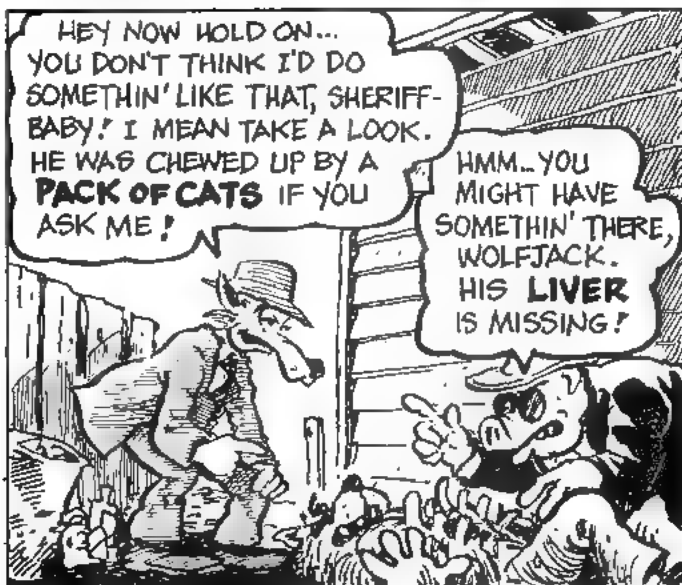
* THAT'S ANOTHER STORY WE'LL TELL SOMETIME SOON!

A'RIGHT, WOLFJACK! YOU IN A **HEAP** O' TROUBLE NOW! MURDERIN' A **GOV'MNT AGENT**?



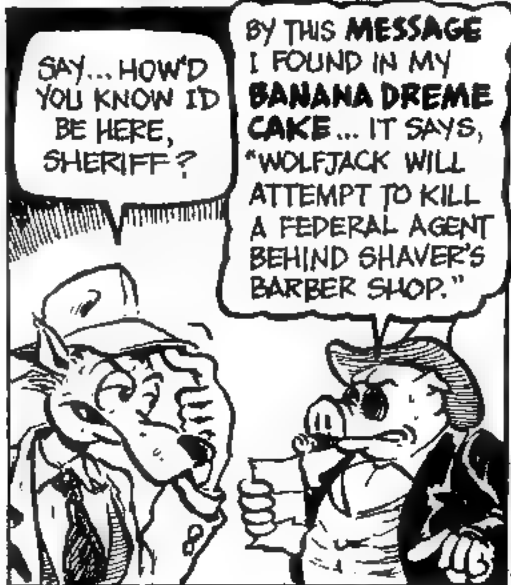
HEY NOW HOLD ON... YOU DON'T THINK I'D DO SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT, SHERIFF-BABY? I MEAN TAKE A LOOK. HE WAS CHEWED UP BY A **PACK OF CATS** IF YOU ASK ME!

HMM... YOU MIGHT HAVE SOMETHIN' THERE, WOLFJACK. HIS **LIVER** IS MISSING!

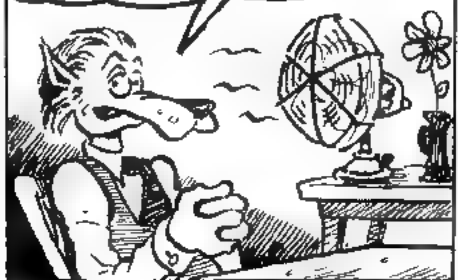


SAY... HOW'D YOU KNOW I'D BE HERE, SHERIFF?

BY THIS MESSAGE I FOUND IN MY **BANANA DREME CAKE**... IT SAYS, "WOLFJACK WILL ATTEMPT TO KILL A **FEDERAL AGENT** BEHIND SHAVER'S BARBER SHOP."



WELL, AFTER THE SHERIFF SHOWED ME HIS NOTE, I SHOWED HIM MINE, AND WE BOTH AGREED WE'D BEEN **SET UP**. IN TURN I MANAGED TO WEASEL OUT OF HIM THAT DAGMAR HAD BEEN BY HIS OFFICE AND HAD FILLED OUT A MISSING PERSON REPORT ON THE **QUACK...**



YEAH, WELL. WHAT ARE YOU GONNA TELL THE **FEDS** 'BOUT THEIR MAN GETTIN' CLAWED UP?



WELL, I'LL TELL 'EM A **SWAMP MONSTER** OR SOMETHIN' GOT HIM... BUT THEY **AIN'T** GONNA BELIEVE IT AND I TELL YOU WHAT... YOU AND BRER BILL BETTER CLOSE UP THAT NEW **MOONSHINE STILL**, 'CAUSE THEY'RE GONNA BE LOOKIN' FOR **BLOOD!**



I WASTED LITTLE TIME HEEDIN THE SHERIFF'S ADVICE. BRER BILL WAS STILL MISSING FROM HIS SHACK, BUT **OL' HUNCHER** WAS UP AND AROUND, SO I TOOK HIM WITH ME UP TO THE NEW **MOONSHINE STILL**.



HEY BILL?! IT'S ME... **WOLFJACK!**

GO FIND BILL, HUNCHER! WHERE'S BILL? GO FIND HIM!



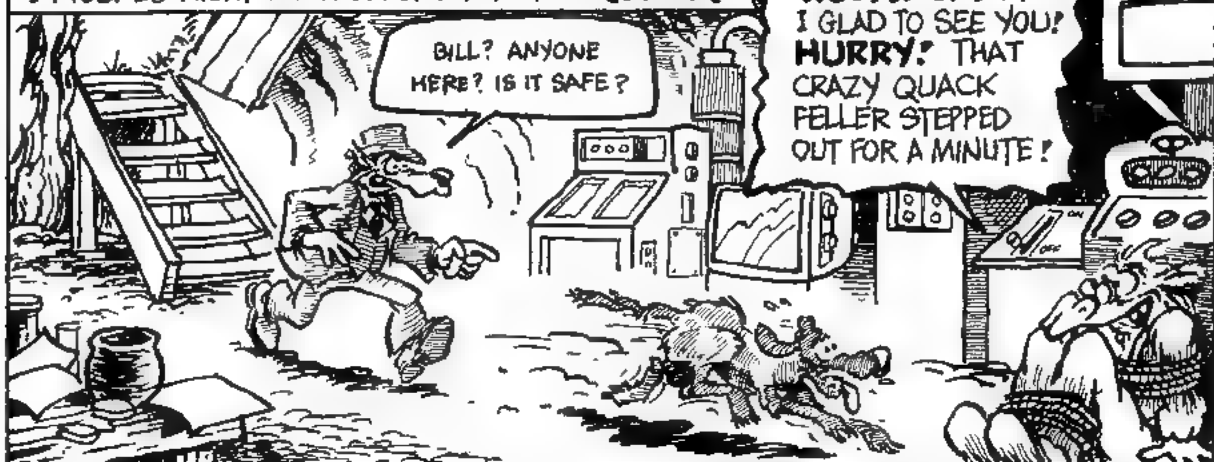
OL' HUNCHER HAD HIS FAULTS, BUT HE WAS ONE HELL OF A **COON DOG**, WITH A NOSE THAT WOULDN'T QUIT!



WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY OL' BILL'S IN **THERE**, HUNCHER? WELL, LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

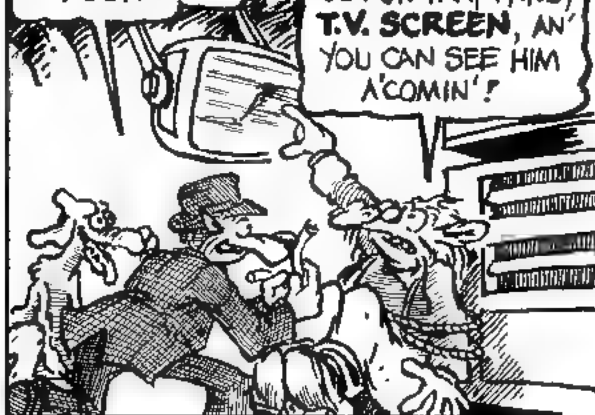


OL' HUNCHER HAD STUMBLED UPON WHAT LOOKED LIKE A **SECRET UNDERGROUND LABORATORY**, AND I FIGURED RIGHT OFF IT BELONGED TO THE **QUACK?**



FIRST LET'S GET YOU UNTIED... HUNCHER, YOU GUARD THAT DOOR...

NO NEED TO DO THAT, WOLFJACK. JUST KEEP AN EYE OUT ON THAT FANCY **T.V. SCREEN**, AN' YOU CAN SEE HIM A'COMIN'!



GOOD! WHILE WE'RE WAITIN', WHY DON'T YOU FILL ME IN ON WHAT THIS BOY'S UP TO!

WELP... I WAS FETCHIN' WOOD FOR THE **COOKER** ON THE **STILL**, WHEN I STUMBLED UPON THAT **DOOR** OUT THERE. I FOOLED AT IT FOR A MINUTE, THEN WENT TO GET A **CROWBAR**...



HE **JUMPED** ME WITH A GUN DOWN BY THE SHACK... OL' HUNCHER GOT A PIECE OF 'IM THOUGH, 'FORE HE WAS **KNOCKED FLAT**... BUT I'M TELLIN' YA WOLFJACK, **THIS QUACK IS CRAZY!** LET'S GET OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW, 'FORE HE COMES BACK!!



HOLD ON, BILL... WHY DO YOU THINK HE'S **CRAZY**...

HE'S FOOLIN' WIT' TH' **DEVIL**, I TELL YA! SEE THAT MACHINE OVER YONDER? HE TALKS TO IT! ONE TIME HE TURNED TO ME AN' SAID, WHY SHOULD I SHOOT YOU - WE'RE **ALL** GONNA BE **DEAD** WHEN I FINISH WITH THIS MACHINE!



I CALMED BILL DOWN, AND WE SETTLED INTO WAIT FOR THE QUACK...

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILL...THIS MACHINE **DOES** LOOK LIKE IT'S GOT SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH TH' DEVIL...

WOLFJACK!
IT'S THE **QUACK!**
HE'S COMIN'!



A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER, I PLUCKED HIM OFF THE LADDER.

HUH!
AWK!
SQUAWK!

HEY, YOU SURE ARE A LITTLE FELLER TO BE CAUSIN' SUCH **BIG TROUBLE!**



WE OUGHTA LET **OL' HUNCHER** GET A HOLT OF 'IM!

HOLD ON, BILL! DR. QUACK'S WIFE IS WILLING TO PAY ME A NICE PILE OF CHANGE WHEN I TURN HIM OVER TO HER!



NO! NOT **DAGMAR!** SHE'S A NO-GOOD ROTTEN **STRUMPET!** SHE'LL HAVE ME **KILLED!** SHE **BETRAYED** ME! SOLD ME OUT!



BUT SHE'LL GET WHAT SHE DESERVES, IF I CAN ONLY FINISH MY MACHINE... SLOBBER SOB... **PLEASE** LET ME FINISH MY MACHINE... IT ONLY NEEDS THIS ONE PART...



I THINK **WE** MIGHT HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN SEEING HIS MACHINE COMPLETED, **WOLFJACK!**

DAGMAR!
AND... OH, NO! **THE CATMAN!**



OH YES, DAGMAR...YOU'RE SO **WICKED**, BUT SO **WISE**... YES, A MACHINE THAT TURNS **TREES** INTO **OIL!** BUT I'VE WORKED SO LONG, SO HARD, THAT NOW (**SOB**) I WANT ONLY TO SEE IT **WORK!** THAT'S ALL! YOU CAN **HAVE** IT AFTER I'VE FINISHED! **HONEST!**



SINCE THE CATMAN HAD AN ARMYFUL OF VIOIOUS TRAINED CATS, THE QUACK MANAGED TO FINISH HIS MACHINE!



HAHAHAHAHA
YOU **FOOLS!** YOU'LL NEVER SEE A MACHINE THAT TURNS TREES INTO OIL... BUT INSTEAD MY **ANTI-MATTER BOMB!** **WHAT?**



QUINCY! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU'LL KILL ALL OF US! IT'S ONLY **ME** YOU WANT TO HARM!

HAHAHA .YES (PANT) (SLOBBER) NOT ONLY YOU, DAGMAR... THE ONE I LOVE... BUT THE **OTHERS** WHO DARED TO BASK IN YOUR AFFECTIONS! FIRST IT WAS THE **LAB BOYS!**

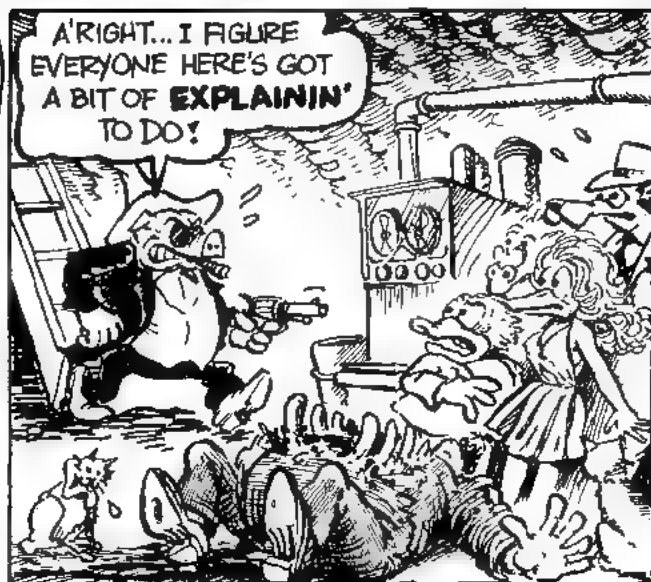
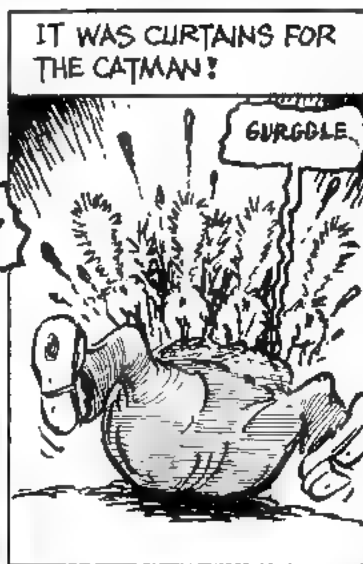
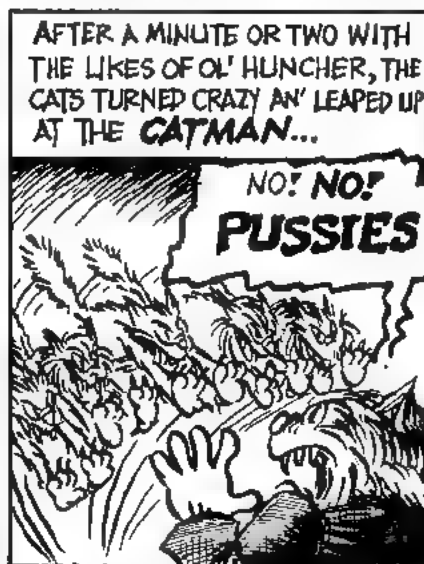


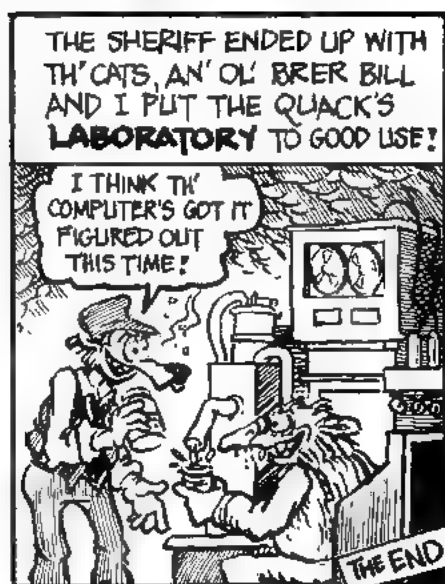
THEN MY COLLEAGUES... I HEARD THE WHISPERS BEHIND MY BACK... (MOAN) **CUCKOLD!** **BRILLIANT**, BUT A **CUCKOLD!** WAIL! THEN... THEN... THE **FOOTBALL TEAM!**



NEANDERTHALS, ALL OF THEM— COMPARED TO MY GENIUS!! (SOB) YES, I'M A **MEGALOMANIAC**, BUT I DON'T CARE IF I'M **SICK!** I'M GONNA DESTROY THE WHOLE WORLD **ANYWAY!**







YOU-ALL GIBBON

THE JUNK-FOOD MONKEY!

mmm BOY!
NOTHIN' SMELLS
QUITE AS GOOD AS
NICE GREASY BACON
CRACKLIN' OVAH
TH' CAMPFIRE!

JOIN THE APE WITH
THE APE-TITE AND
HIS ADDLED ALLIES
AS THEY CONFRONT
THEIR MOST RIDICU-
LOUS CHALLENGE YET,
"ON THE TRAIL OF

**PIG-
FOOT**
THE AWFUL BOAR!"

OUR STORY OPENS ON A RATHER
CHILLING NOTE AS THE BARON
OF BAD TASTE OBSERVES...

FEH.

ICE-O-MA

ZACH

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...
I'VE GOTTA GET MAHSELF
SOMETHIN' TO EAT...MAH
STOMACH'S STOPPED
GROWLIN'...NOW
IT'S BARKIN'
AT ME-

HEY!

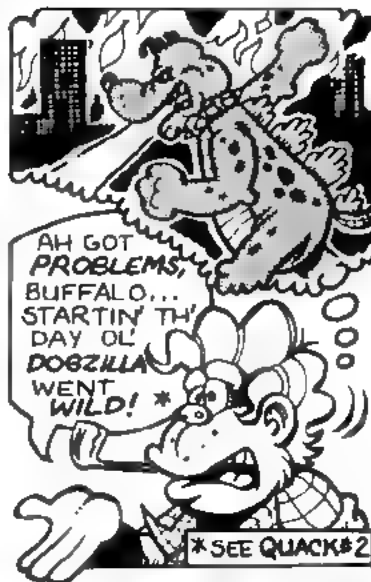
MEBBE THAT'S A
PIZZA DELIVERY
MAN LOOKIN' FOR
DIRECTIONS!

**DING-
DONG**

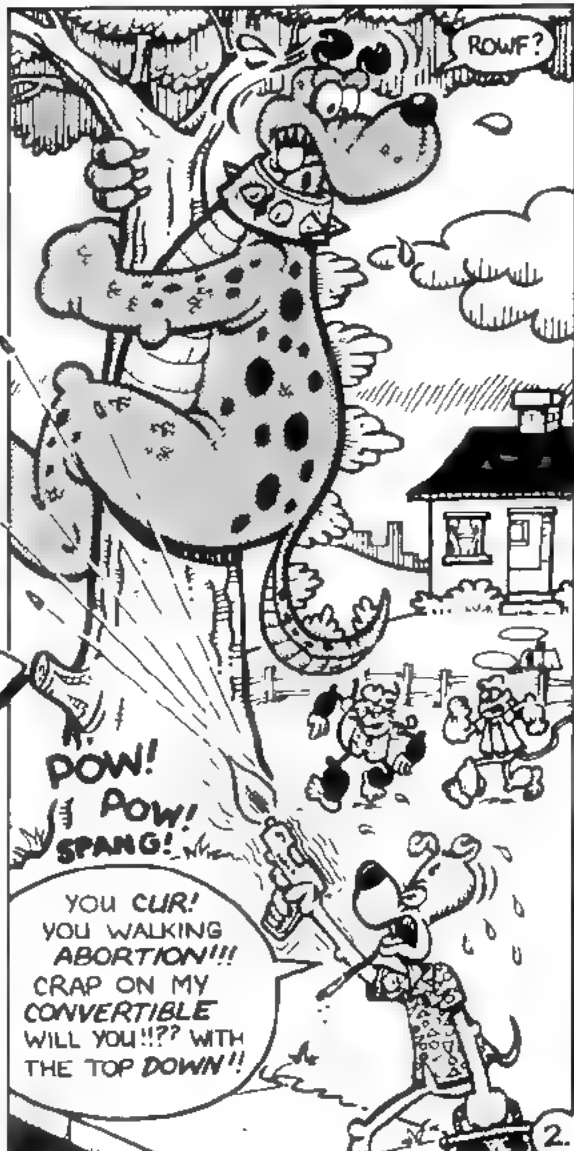
STORY AND
ART BY **SCOTT SHAW!**

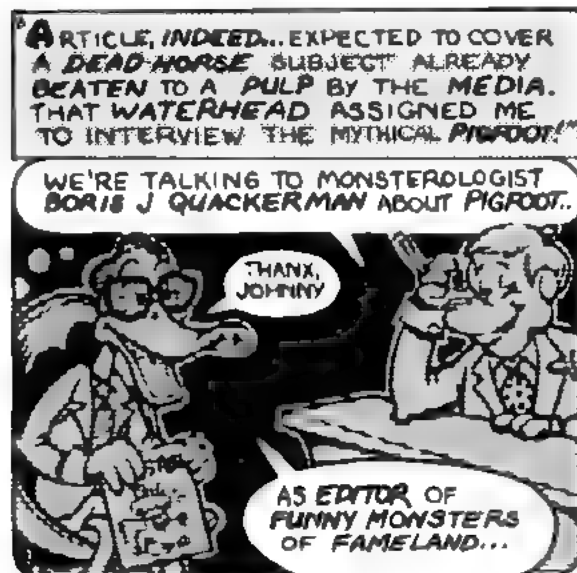
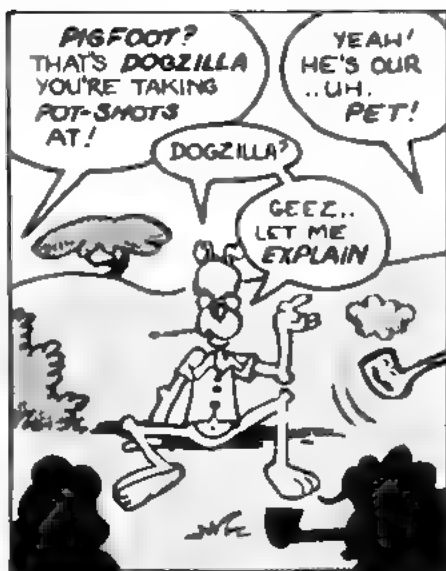
LETTERING BY
CAROLYN LAY

WITH A TIP OF THE HAT TO JACK
KIRBY, GENE HAZELTON, JAY WARD,
AND GILBERT SHELTON...

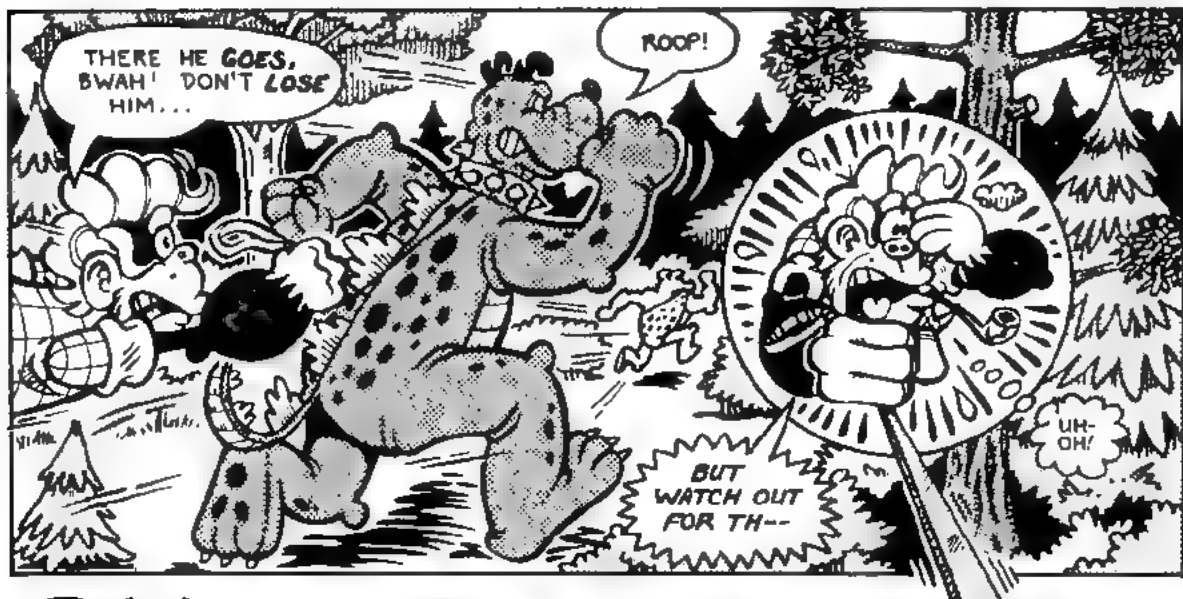


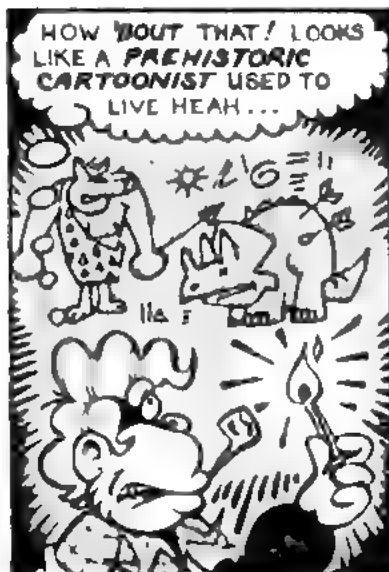
"IT WAS BAD ENOUGH TO GET STUCK WITH TH' BILL FOR ALL TH' DAMAGE HE CAUSED, BUT NOW TH' BABYSITTIN' COSTS ARE KILLIN' ME... OH, MAH KINGDOM FOR A BURGER!"





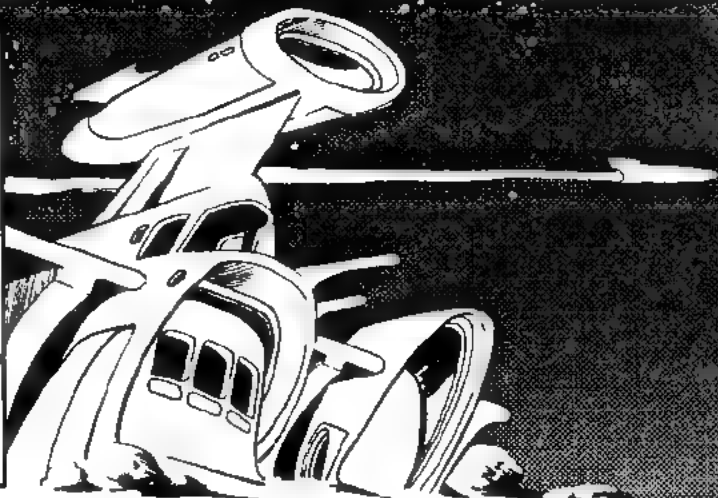




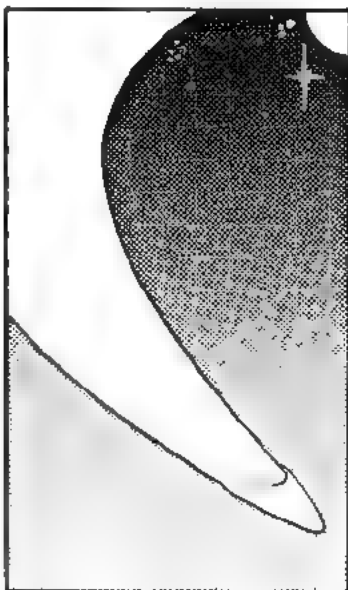


I THINK I'VE BEEN GYPPEd. I SIGNED ON FOR A TEN YEAR HITCH. I WAS OFF ON AN EXCITING CAREER AS A PILOT, I THOUGHT. NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS SHIPPED OUT TO THIS DUMP, THE HIGHLY SECLUDED RESEARCH CENTER.

HERE I'D BEEN STUCK FOR THREE YEARS NOW, TWO OR THREE LIGHT YEARS FROM NOWHERE AND NO WAY TO GET OFF EXCEPT FOR THE OCCASIONAL CIRCLING OF EXPERIMENTAL TEST CRAFT.



SEVEN YEARS LEFT OF GOOD PAY BUT NOTHING TO SPEND IT ON.



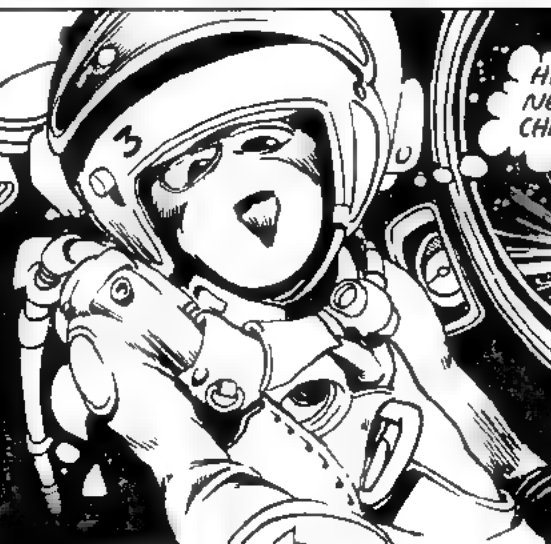
MAN, IF I COULD JUST GET OUTTA HERE! THERE IS NOTHING TO DO ON THIS ROCK BUT JOCKEY THESE SILLY TEST SHIPS!

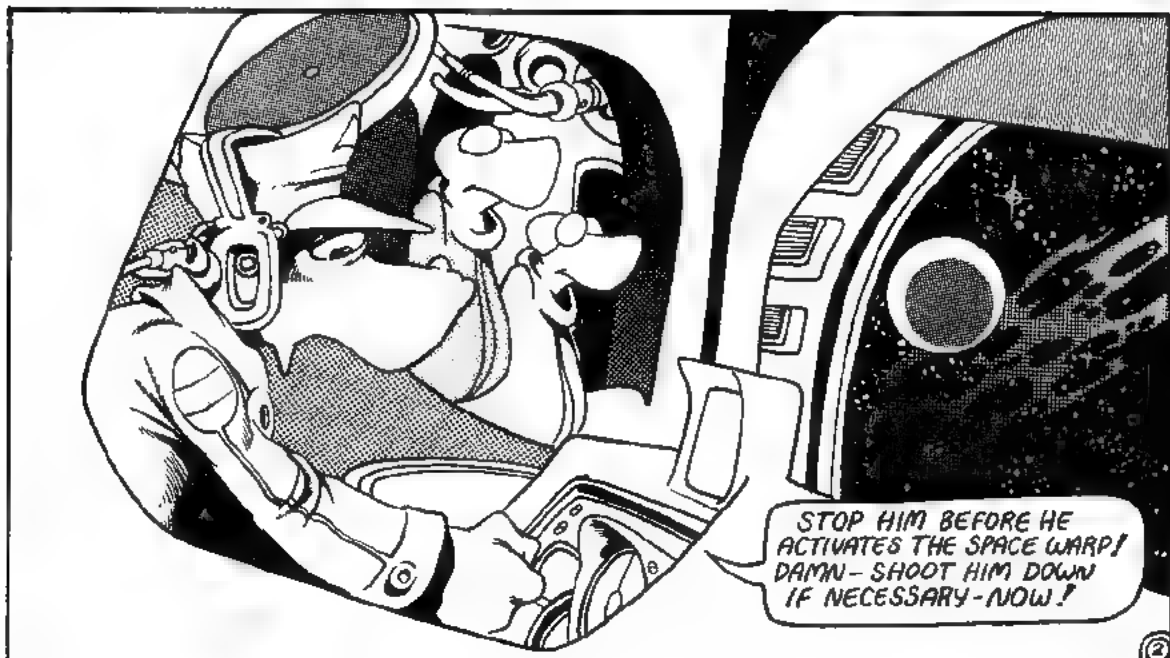
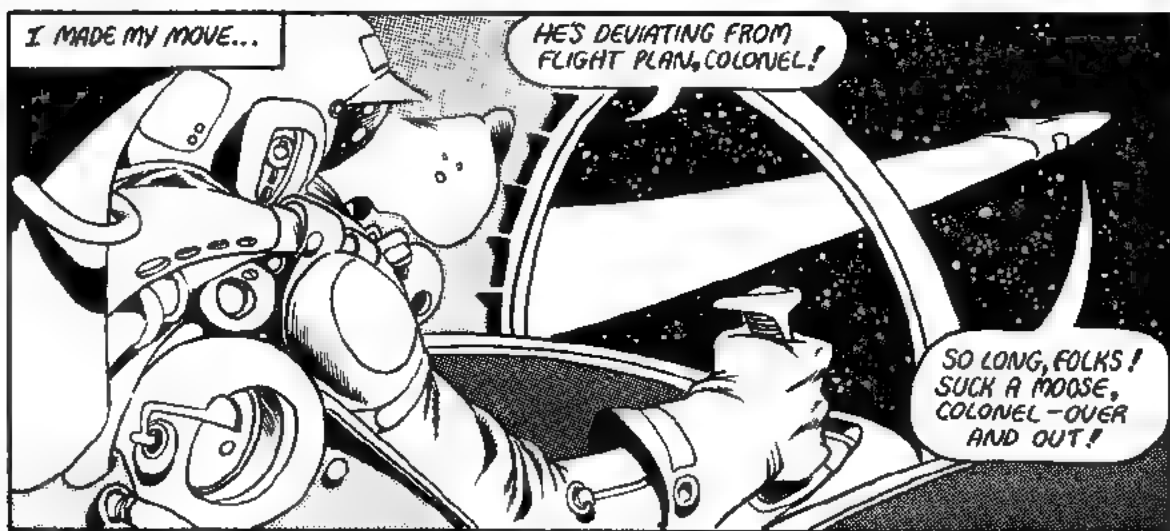
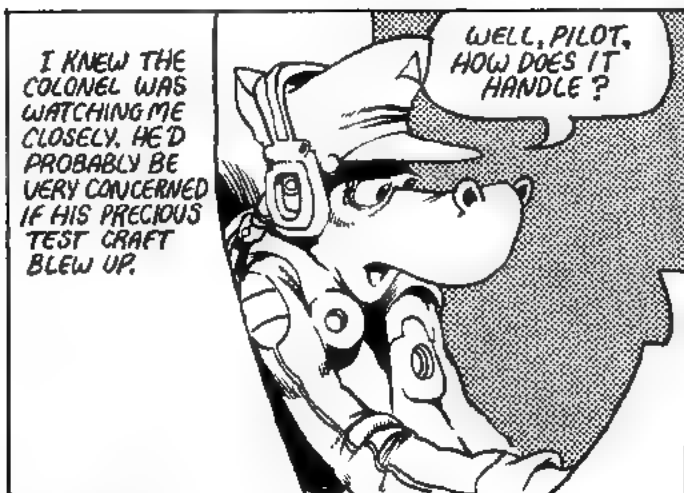


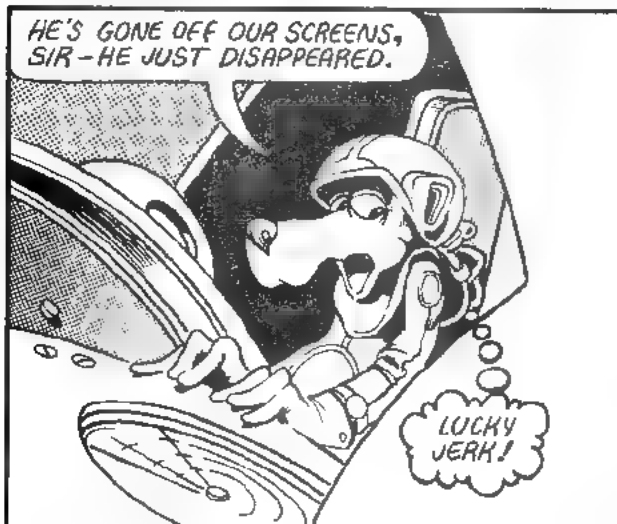
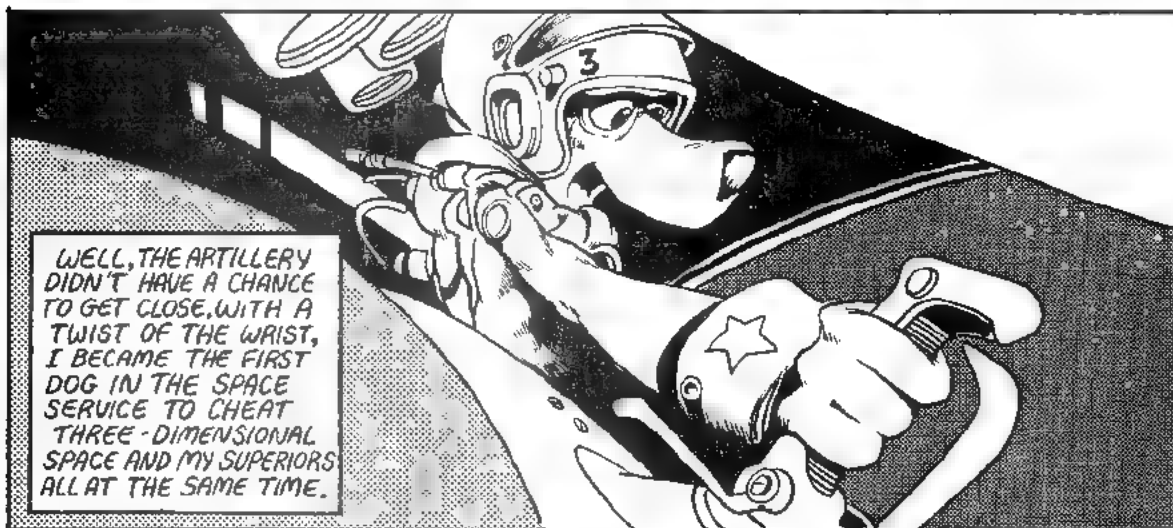
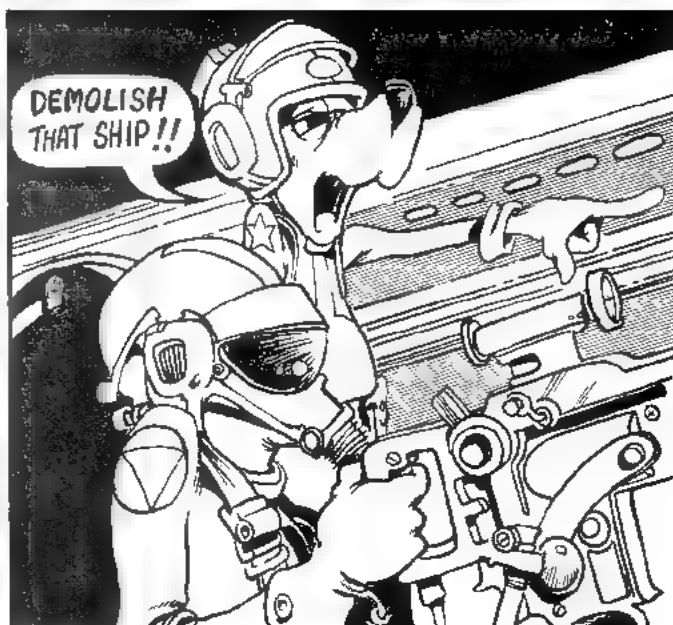
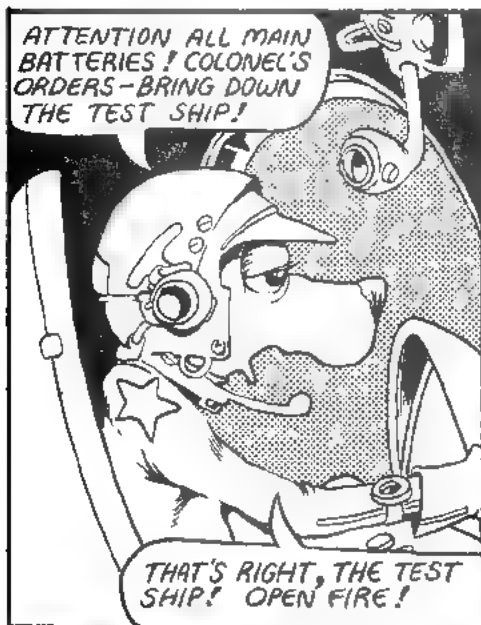
AT LEAST THIS SHIP WAS UNIQUE. IT WAS THE FIRST TO BE MODIFIED TO DEFEY THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF SPACE. YES, THE SPACE WARP WAS NOW A REALITY.

HMMM... I MIGHT NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!

OH, SURE, I'D BEEN ON TEST FLIGHTS BEFORE, BUT THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD A SHIP THAT THEY COULDN'T CATCH.



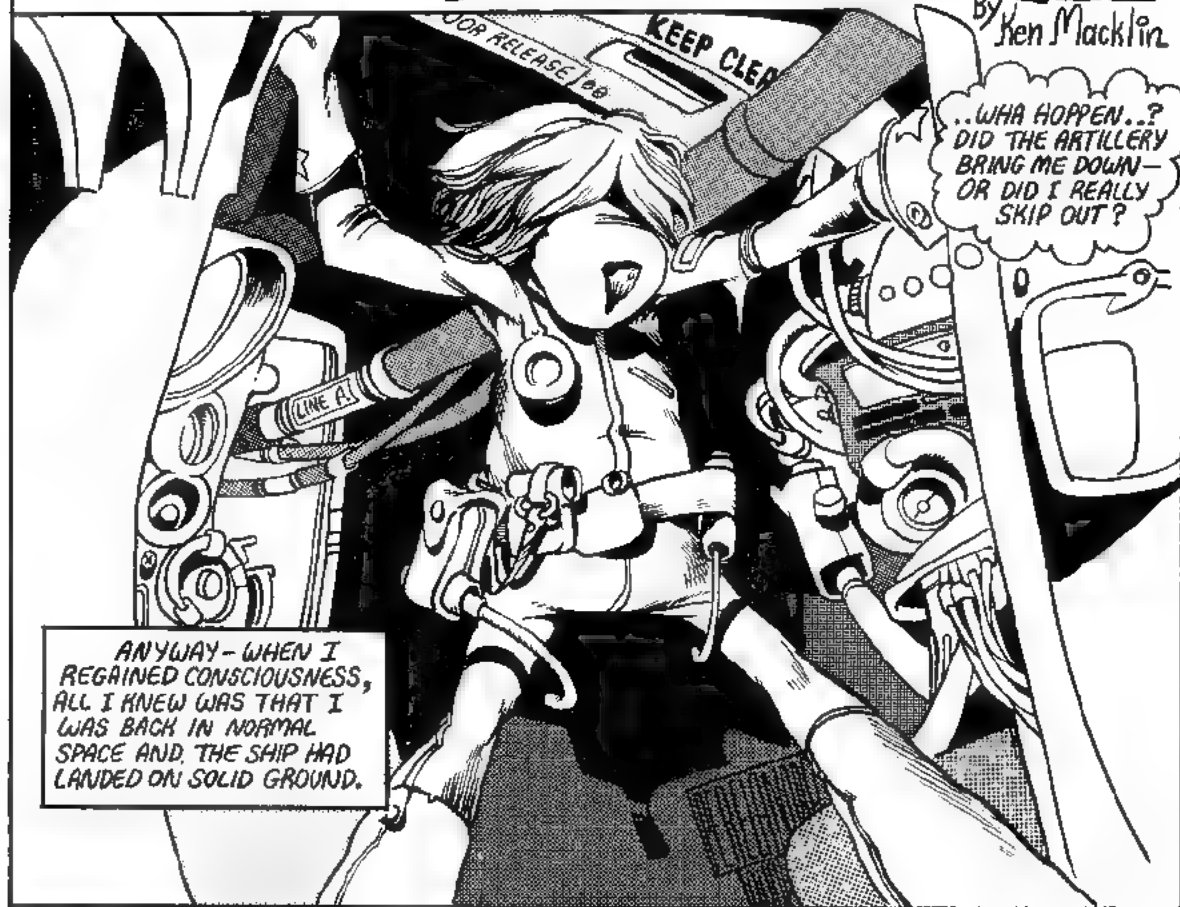




NONE OF THE ENGINEERS
WERE EXACTLY CERTAIN
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN WHEN
THE WARP WAS ACTIVATED
... BUT THAT WAS WHY
WE HAD RESEARCH CENTERS
—RIGHT?

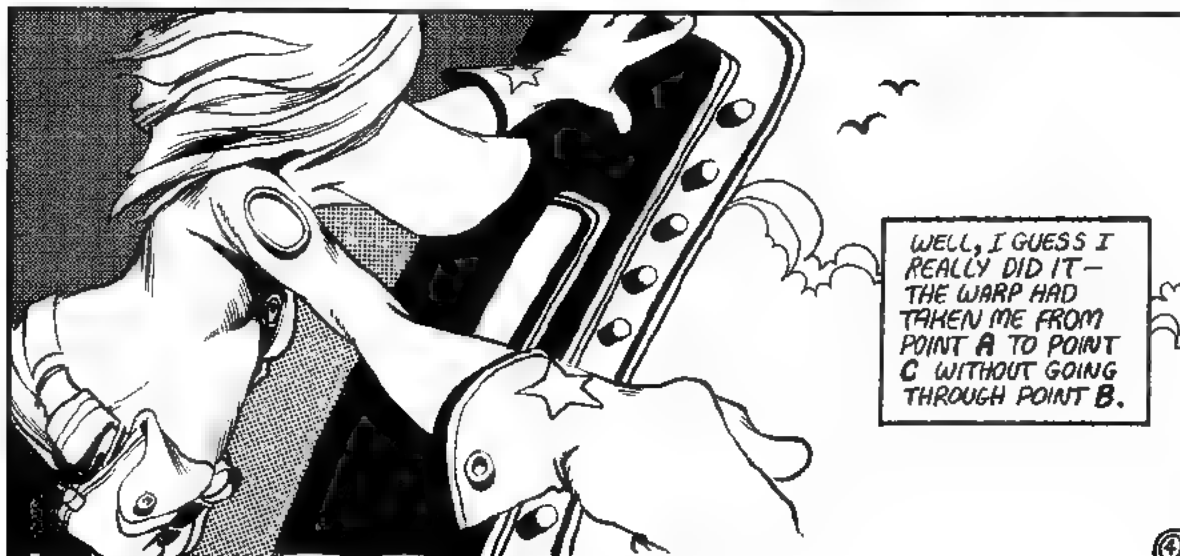
DESERTER

By Ken Macklin



ANYWAY—WHEN I
REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS,
ALL I KNEW WAS THAT I
WAS BACK IN NORMAL
SPACE AND THE SHIP HAD
LANDED ON SOLID GROUND.

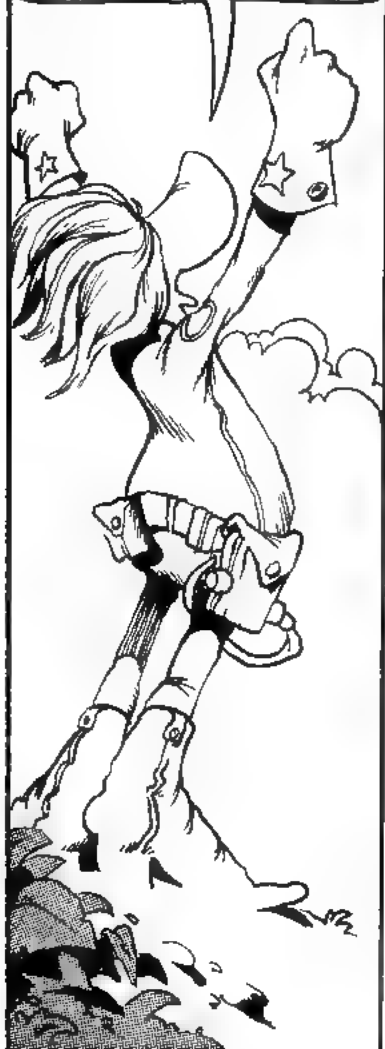
...WHA HOPPEN...?
DID THE ARTILLERY
BRING ME DOWN—
OR DID I REALLY
SKIP OUT?

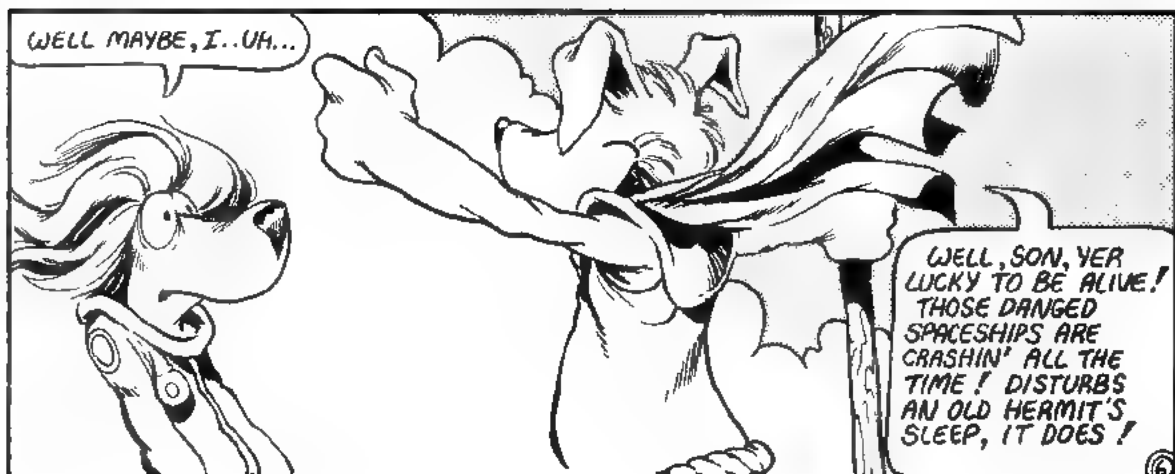
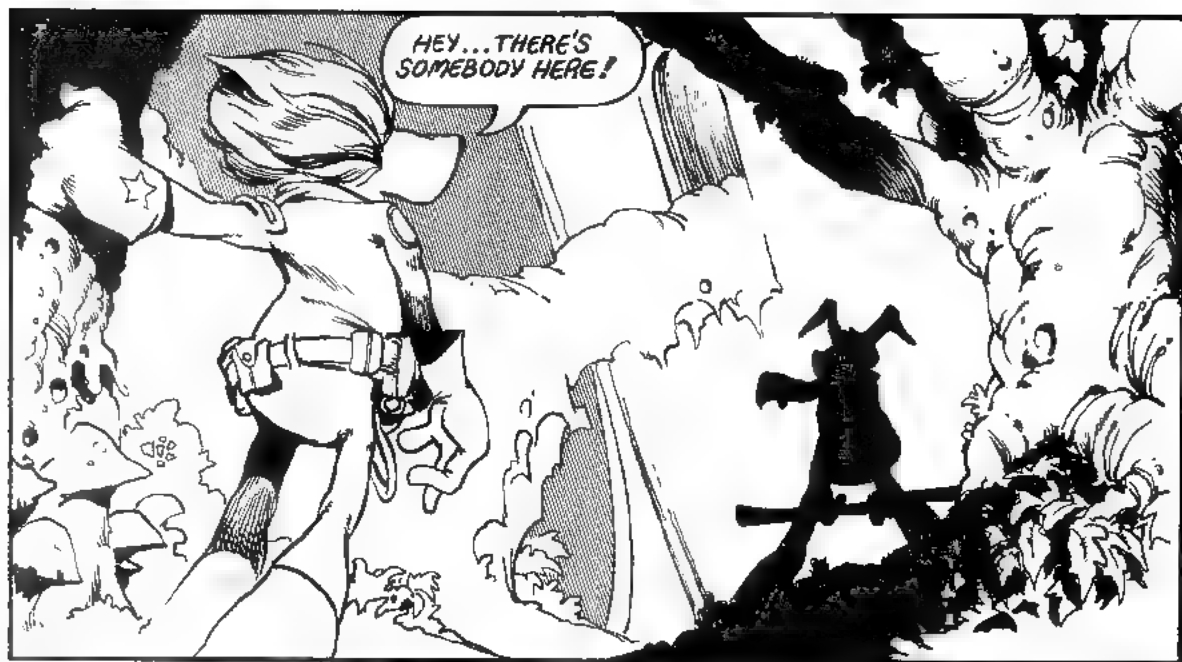


WELL, I GUESS I
REALLY DID IT—
THE WARP HAD
TAKEN ME FROM
POINT A TO POINT
C WITHOUT GOING
THROUGH POINT B.



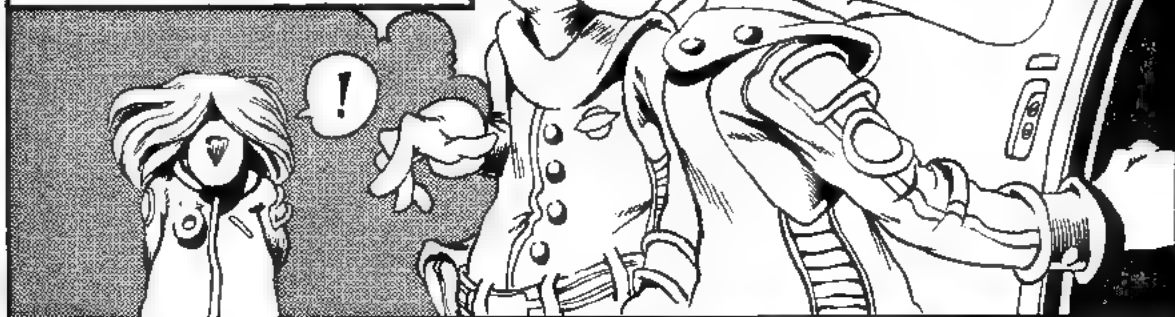
HAH! HAH! I DID IT!
I REALLY DID IT!! I'M
FOOTLOOSE AND FREE!
EXCITING LIFE HERE I COME!







WHEN I WENT BACK TO THE SHIP,
I FOUND A GROUP OF STRANGE
LOOKING CHARACTERS IN MILITARY
UNIFORMS NOT QUITE LIKE ANYTHING
I'D EVER SEEN BEFORE. THEY WERE
REALLY INTERESTED IN MY TEST
CRAFT. (DID I SAY MINE?)



HI, GUYS! WHAT'S UP?

WE WERE ON MANEUVERS
WHEN ONE OF THE MEN
SPOTTED THIS STRANGE
SPACECRAFT.



IT'S LIKE NOTHING
WE'VE EVER SEEN!

REALLY!



LIEUTENANT, THERE'S A
BRIGHT YOUNG LAD OUT
HERE WHO WANTS TO ENLIST.



FINE, FINE. ALWAYS
GLAD TO GET A
NEW VOLUNTEER!



END

WELCOME ABOARD! THE NEW YORK TIMES... THE LAST SEEN...
 INTREPID DUO REACH THE END OF THE JOURNEY...
 CALL

RABBIT POWER

"IN THE EVER WAGING BATTLE TWIXT
 ORDER AND CHAOS THERE ARE
 MANY BRAVE AND VALIANT WARRIORS
 AND THERE IS ONE WHO IS THOUGHT
 TO BE... A GOD..."

"THE LAST OF A RACE OF KINGS
 THE HARLOCKS - ELRIK WHOSE
 NAME IS SPOKEN IN HUSHED
 TONES OF FEAR AND AWE!"

WITH HIS ENCHANTED SWORD,
 SOULSUCKER, ELRIK
 FIGHTS THE NEVER-ENDING
 BATTLE FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE
 AND THE COSMIC WAY!"

I'M GLAD I CAME
 WITH YOU NEWTON.

STEVE LEALONDA

ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN



AAA! DIMENSIONAL TRAVELERS
BEING MENACED BY A MINION OF
THE DARK ONES! ONCE AGAIN
I FIND THE NEED TO DRAW
THIS ACCURSED BLADE!

MMMMMMMM?

BACK FOUL BEAST!
AWAY, SPAWN OF HELL!!



THE MIGHTY BEHEMOTH RECOILS FROM
THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT OF ELRIK AND
HIS MIGHTY SWORD.

CREATURES OF THE
DARK CANNOT ABIDE
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH!
THE COSMIC TRUTH
ALWAYS PREVAILS!

MMMMMMMM!



BEGONE, MISBEGOTTEN
MISCREANT!!

STUPID BEAST ALWAYS
GETTING OUT OF ITS PEN!
ALWAYS CAUSING TROUBLE!

THE GREAT ELRIK HAS
MORE IMPORTANT THINGS
TO DO THAN CHASING
RUNAWAY DINO-PUPS!



AUDN ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!
I AM ELRIK! THE LAST OF THE LOST
RACE OF KINGS, ELRIK THE WARRIOLK!
AND THIS IS MY SWORD - MY
POWER - SOULSUCKER!
TOGETHER WE HOLD THE
FORCES OF CHAOS AT
BAY! NEAT EH?

MMMMMMMM

ER - GLAD TO MEET
YOU I'M NEWTON
AND THIS IS MY BOY,
SHERMAN! SAY HELLO,
SHERMAN.

HELLO

I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU
KNOW WHERE WE ARE,
YOU SEE, WE'RE LOST.

LOST~LOST? IF ONE CAN BE LOST, THEN
T IS I ELRIK, LAST OF THE COSMIC LORDS,
WHO IS THE LOST! CAN ONE WHO BATTLES
CHAOS IN THE REALM OF THE DARK GODS THEM-
SELVES REALLY EXIST IN THOSE CONCEPTS
WE KNOW AS TIME & SPACE? THE MULTITUDES
OF THE COSMICALLY REALITY OF UNBORN...
PAGES 100 & 101

IS HE FOR REAL?

HUSH SHERMAN!
THAT'S ALL
VERY NICE, SIR,
BUT DO YOU
SUPPOSE YOU
COULD HELP US
TO GET BACK
HOME~SIR?

WHAT?! AM I NOT ELRIK, LAST OF THE
COSMIC LORDS? AM I NOT ELRIK
THE WARLOCK? AM I NOT~

~ YEAH, YEAH, WE KNOW
EASY BOY, CALM DOWN
OL' PAL. WE WAS JUST
MAKIN THE INQUIRY.

IS THAT
A YES?!

I'M SURE GLAD HE'S
ON OUR SIDE...
HE IS ON OUR SIDE,
ISN'T HE?!

EXCUSE ME,
SIR, BUT I...

COME!

UPPITY LITTLE
CHAP, ISN'T HE?

MYSTERY!

LET'S
GO!

I GUESS WE HAVE
NO CHOICE BUT
TO TRUST HIM, MR.
NEWTON?

DON'T WORRY, SHERMAN,
I THINK MR. COSMIC WILL
GET US OUT OF THIS!

LIKE HELL I DO!

BAD NEWS CAME TODAY
THE WIZARD CAME BY
AND TOOK HER AWAY!

STEADY YOURSELF,
GOODFELLOW! - TOOK
WHO AWAY?

THANOTINA!

TOOK-HER AWAY? WITH FORCE?
YOU MEAN HE CAME TO MY HOME,
MY CASTLE, AND DARED TO
ABDUCT MY FAIR LADY, THE
PRINCESS
THANOTINA!!?

JUST THE WAY
I WOULD LIKE TO

REV. FRODO BAGGINS
AND SAM GAMBIT

LEARN TO FIGHT

THANOTINA
AND THE WIZARD
AT THE CASTLE

LEARN
TO FIGHT

THE WIZARD
AT THE CASTLE

THANOTINA
AND THE WIZARD
AT THE CASTLE

THE WIZARD
AT THE CASTLE

THE WIZARD
AT THE CASTLE

I EARN NOT, FAITHLESS
ONE! SEE HOW THE
WIZARD IS
TRYING TO
THREATEN ME

THE WIZARD IS MERELY TESTING
HIS NEWLY MISBEGOTTEN
POWERS, USURPED FROM MY
VED, THANOTINA

SO, AS THE MINUTES DRAG INTO WHAT SEEM LIKE MINUTES, THE TREK IS ENDED...

BEHOLD!
DEATH
ACT I!

THAT
YOU MUST
BE TAKING

CELESTIAL JEWEL!

SO I GATHERED

WELL NOBODY HOME
LET'S GO

DO! THE CURRENTS
OF MAGIC SWIRL AND
SPIN INTO A
PLACE WHERE THE
FORCES OF EVIL THE V

HEAR ME, WIZARD!
END THIS FOLLY AND
RELEASE THANOTINA!
YOU CANNOT ELUDE ME!

ELRIK
COMMANDS!

YAH SAME JOCK
FOR ME!



SO WITH THE BATTLE
RAVING AROUND THEM...



THE SIGHT OF HIS IM-
PRISONED BELOVED
DRIVES A TRING
ELK TO RENOWNED
FURY...



AT THE BASE OF THE COLUMN BEGINS THE HURCULEAN TASK...

YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS GONNA WORK? WON'T SHE GET HURT?

IT AIN'T LIKELY! SHE'S NO ORDINARY LADY. NOW SHUT-UP AND PUSH!

AWAY FROM THERE, FOOLISH MORTALS!

ONE MYSTIC BLAST WILL--
WHY THIS?!

THOSE TWO! THEY ARE NOT AFFECTED!

THE COLUMN BEGINS TO SWAY...

HARDER, SHERMAN! IT--IT'S GOING!

WITH A THUNDERING CRASH THE COLUMN TOPPLES. WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE BEAUTIFUL *Thamnotina* IS NOW THE EMBODIMENT OF THE FORCES OF CHAOS! WITH A PIERCING SHREEK SHE IS FREE--

YOUR MAD SCHEMES OF CONQUEST ARE FINISHED, EVIL MAGE!

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS INDIGNITY!!

FOUL MOCKERY OF A MAN! I WILL SEND YOUR SOUL TO THE PITS OF HELL FOR ALL ETERNITY!!

ISN'T SHE WONDERFUL?!

NO!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...



A new
genre...

The
unique
synthesis
of
underground
and
overground...

GROUND LEVEL COMICS



STAR*REACH #1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8
PUDGE, GIRL BLIMP #1-2-3
QUACK #1-2-3

\$1.25@
\$3.00 (set)
\$1.25@

PLEASE ADD \$.35 PER COPY FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

